



This Fondation DRG France-Canada Academy of Vocal Arts performance is made possible by the University of Toronto's France-Canada Cross-Cultural Exchange program, supported by Fondation DRG.

The University of Toronto Presents the France-Canada Academy of Vocal Arts: *United in Song*

Featuring piano-vocal duos from the Faculty of Music and abroad, reunited following their participation in last summer's Académie Francis Poulenc in Tours, France.

Saturday, February 28, 2026, 7:30 pm | Walter Hall, 80 Queen's Park

PROGRAM

Tel jour telle nuit, FP 86

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

- I. *Bonne journée*
- II. *Une ruine coquille vide*
- III. *Le front comme un drapeau perdu*
- IV. *Une roulotte couverte en tuiles*
- V. *A toutes brides*
- VI. *Une herbe pauvre*
- VII. *Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer*
- VIII. *Figure de force brûlante et farouche*
- IX. *Nous avons fait la nuit*

Marion Germain, soprano; Ludovic Rochon, piano

Deux Mélodies, FP 162

Poulenc

- I. *La souris*
- II. *Nuage*

Le disparu, FP 134

Poulenc

Silent Love

Stella Ter Hart (b. 1945)

Taline Yeremian, mezzo-soprano; Rebecca Lluveras Matos, piano

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Ariettes oubliées

Claude Debussy (1862–1918)

- I. C'est l'extase langoureuse*
- II. Il pleure dans mon cœur*
- III. L'ombre des arbres*
- IV. Chevaux de bois*
- V. Green*
- VI. Spleen*

Mélina Gerbith, soprano; Olivier Seuzaret, piano

La Biche (from *Vergers*)

Louis Durey (1888–1979)

Ronsard à son âme

Maurice Ravel (1875–1937)

hyacinth: songs of the Minotaur (2023)

I, II, V

Cecilia Livingston (b. 1984)

Aimee Harness, mezzo-soprano; Zhilin Xiao, piano

The Confession Stone

Robert Fleming (1845–1933)

- I. O my boy: Jesus, my first and only son*
- II. Don't pay attention to the old men in the temple*
- III. Jesus, did you know that Lazarus is back*
- IV. There's a supper in Jerusalem tonight*
- V. Cold and icy in my bed*
- VI. Bring me those needles, Martha*
- VII. Everything is black*
- VIII. O my boy: Jesus, my first and only son*

Kyrsten Chambers-Jones, mezzo-soprano; Brock Tjosvold, piano

Poems and Translations

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Tel jour telle nuit

I. Bonne journée

Bonne journée j'ai revu qui je n'oublie pas
Qui je n'oublierai jamais
Et des femmes fugaces dont les yeux
Me faisaient une haie d'honneur
Elles s'enveloppèrent dans leurs sourires

Bonne journée j'ai vu mes amis sans soucis
Les hommes ne pesaient pas lourd
Un qui passait
Son ombre changée en souris
Fuyait dans le ruisseau

J'ai vu le ciel très grand
Le beau regard des gens privés de tout
Plage distante où personne n'aborde

Bonne journée qui commença mélancolique
Noire sous les arbres verts
Mais qui soudain trempée d'aurore
M'entra dans le coeur par surprise.

II. Une ruine coquille vide

Une ruine coquille vide
Pleure dans son tablier
Les enfants qui jouent autour d'elle
Font moins de bruit que des mouches

La ruine s'en va à tâtons
Chercher ses vaches dans un pré
J'ai vu le jour je vois cela
Sans en avoir honte

Il est minuit comme une flèche
Dans un coeur à la portée
Des folâtres lueurs nocturnes
Qui contredisent le sommeil.

I. Good day

Good day I've seen again the one I don't forget
The one I will never forget
And the elusive women whose eyes
Formed for me an honor guard
They wrapped themselves in their smiles

Good day I've seen my carefree friends
The men did not weigh very much
One who was passing
His shadow become a mouse
Fled into the gutter

I've seen the vast sky
The beautiful gaze of people deprived of everything
Distant shore where no one lands

Good day that was melancholy at first
Black beneath the green trees
But which suddenly drenched with dawn
Entered into my heart by surprise.

II. A wreck empty shell

A wreck empty shell
Weeps into her apron
The children playing around her
Make less noise than flies

The wreck gropes her way out
To look for her cows in a meadow
I've seen the daylight I see that
Without being ashamed

It is midnight like an arrow
In a heart within reach
Of the playful nighttime glimmers
That contradict sleep.

III. Le front comme un drapeau perdu

Le front comme un drapeau perdu
Je te traîne quand je suis seul
Dans des rues froides
Des chambres noires
En criant misère

Je ne veux pas les lâcher
Tes mains claires et compliquées
Nées dans le miroir clos des miennes

Tout le reste est parfait
Tout le reste est encore plus inutile
Que la vie

Creuse la terre sous ton ombre

Une nappe d'eau près des seins
Où se noyer
Comme une pierre

IV. Une roulotte couverte en tuiles

Une roulotte couverte en tuiles
Le cheval mort un enfant maître
Pensant le front bleu de haine
A deux seins s'abattant sur lui
Comme deux poings.

Ce mélodrame nous arrache
La raison du coeur.

V. À toutes brides

À toutes brides toi dont le fantôme
Piaffe la nuit sur un violon
Viens régner dans les bois

Les verges de l'ouragan
Cherchent leur chemin par chez toi
Tu n'es pas des celles
Dont on invente les désirs

Tes soifs sont plus contradictoires
Que des noyées

Viens boire un baiser par ici
Cède au feu qui te désespère.

III. Brow like a lost flag

Brow like a lost flag
I drag you along when I am alone
In cold streets
Dark rooms
While crying in misery

I don't want to let go of them
Your hands clear and complicated
Born in the enclosed mirror of my own

All the rest is perfect
All the rest is even more useless
Than life

Excavate the ground beneath your shadow

A sheet of water almost to the breasts
To drown oneself in
Like a stone

IV. A caravan covered in tiles

A caravan covered in tiles
The horse dead a child in charge
Thinking the brow blue with hatred
With two breasts beating down on him
Like two fists.

This melodrama rips
Reason from our heart.

V. Given free rein

Given free rein you whose phantom
Prances at night on a violin
Come to rule in the woods

The batterings of the hurricane
Seek their track by way of you
You are not among those
Whose desires are invented

Your thirsts are more contradictory
Than those of the drowned

Come drink a kiss here
Yield to the fire that robs you of hope.

VI. Une herbe pauvre

Une herbe pauvre
Sauvage
Apparut dans la neige.
C'était la santé.
Ma bouche fut émerveillé
Du goût d'air pur qu'elle avait.
Elle était fanée.

VII. Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer

Je n'ai envie que de t'aimer
Un orage emplit la vallée
Un poisson la rivière

Je t'ai faite à la taille de ma solitude.

Le monde entier pour se cacher
Des jours des nuits pour se comprendre
Pour ne plus rien voir dans tes yeux
Que ce que je pense de toi
Et d'un monde à ton image
Et des jours et des nuits réglés par tes
paupières.

VIII. Figure de force brûlante et farouche

Figure de force brûlante et farouche
Cheveux noirs où l'or coule vers le sud
Aux nuits corrompues
Or englouti étoile impure
Dans un lit jamais partagé.

Aux veines des tempes
Comme aux bouts des seins
La vie se refuse.
Les yeux nul ne peut les crever
Boire leur éclat ni leurs larmes.
Le sang au-dessus d'eux triomphe pour lui
seul.

Intraitable démesurée
Inutile
Cette santé bâtit une prison.

IX. Nous avons fait la nuit

Nous avons fait la nuit je tiens ta main je
veille
Je te soutiens de toutes mes forces
Je grave sur un roc l'étoile de tes forces.

VI. Meager grass

Meager grass
Wild
Appeared in the snow.
It was health.
My mouth was astonished
At the flavor of pure air that it had.
It was withered.

VII. I wish only to love you

I wish only to love you
A storm fills the valley
A fish the river

I formed you to the dimensions of my loneliness.

The whole world to hide in
Days nights to understand each other
To see nothing more in your eyes
Than what I think of you
And of a world in your image
And days and nights governed by your eyelids.

VIII. Figure of strength fiery and untamed

Figure of strength fiery and untamed
Black hair where gold flows southwards
On corrupted nights
Sunken gold impure star
In a bed never shared.

In the veins of the temples
As at the tips of the breasts
Life denies itself.
The eyes none can put them out
Drink their brightness nor their tears.
Blood triumphs over them only for itself.

Intractable immoderate
Useless
This health built a prison.

IX. We have made the night

We have made the night I hold your hand I watch
over you
I sustain you with all my strength
I carve on a rock the star of your strength.

Sillons profonds où la bonté de ton corps
 germera
 Je me répète ta voix cachée ta voix
 publique
 Je ris encore de l'orgueilleuse
 Que tu traites comme une mendiante
 Des fous que tu respectes des simples où
 tu te baignes.
 Et dans ma tête qui se met doucement
 d'accord avec la tienne avec la nuit
 Je m'émerveille de l'inconnue que tu
 deviens
 Une inconnue semblable à toi semblable à
 tout ce que j'aime
 Qui est toujours nouveau.

Deep furrows where the goodness of your body will
 sprout
 I repeat to myself your hidden voice your public
 voice
 I still laugh at the haughty woman
 You treat as a beggar
 At the fools you respect at the simple folk you
 immerse yourself in.
 And in my head that gently attunes itself to yours to
 the night
 I marvel at the unknown that you become
 An unknown resembling you resembling everything
 that I love
 Who is ever new.

Poems by Paul Éluard (1895 – 1952), translations by Grant Hicks, www.lieder.net.

Deux mélodies, FP 162

1. La souris

Belles journées, souris du temps,
 Vous rongez peu à peu ma vie.
 Dieu! Je vais avoir vingt-huit ans,
 Et mal vécus, à mon envie.

1. The Mouse

Lovely days, mouse of time,
 You gnaw little by little at my life.
 God! I will soon be twenty-eight,
 With a troubled mind, filled with desires.

2. Nuage

J'ai vu reluire, en un coin de mes âges,
 un souvenir qui n'était plus à moi
 Son père était le temps
 sa mère une guitare qui jouait sur des rêves
 errants
 Leur enfant tomba dans mes mains
 et je le posai sur un chêne
 Un oiseau en prit soin, maintenant il chante
 Comment retrouver son père voilé de vent
 et comment recueillir les larmes de sa mère
 pour lui donner un nom
 dans le passage d'un nuage
 nous verrons poindre l'éternité chassant le
 temps
 En ce point tout est écrit.

2. We have made the night

In a corner of my days
 I saw a shining memory that was no longer mine.
 Its father was time,
 its mother was a guitar playing on top of wandering
 dreams.
 Their child fell into my hands
 and I placed it on an oak-tree.
 A bird took care of it and now it sings.
 How can we find its father veiled in wind?
 How can we collect its mother's tears
 so as to give it a name?
 As a cloud passes
 we will glimpse the arrival of eternity banishing
 time.
 On that matter, nothing more can be written.

*La Souris: Poem by Guillaume Apollinaire (1880 – 1918), Nuage: Poem by Laurence de
 Beylié (1893 - 1968) translations by Laura Prichard and Peter Low, www.lieder.net*

Le disparu

Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin
 Depuis qu'André Platard l'a quittée,

He has disappeared

I don't like the Rue Saint-Martin any more,
 not since André Platard left it.

Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin,
Je n'aime rien, pas même le vin.

I don't like the Rue Saint-Martin any more.
There's nothing I like, not even wine.

Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin
Depuis qu'André Platard l'a quittée.
C'est mon ami, c'est mon copain,
Nous partagions la chambre et le pain.
Je n'aime plus la rue Saint-Martin.

I don't like the Rue Saint-Martin any more,
not since André Platard left it.
He's my friend, he's my buddy.
We shared a room, we shared our food.
I don't like the Rue Saint-Martin any more.

C'est mon ami, c'est mon copain.
Il a disparu un matin,
Ils l'ont emmené, on ne sait plus rien,
On ne l'a plus revu dans la rue Saint-Martin.

He's my friend, he's my buddy.
One morning he disappeared.
They took him away, and we've heard nothing
since.
He's not been seen again in the Rue
Saint-Martin.

Pas la peine d'implorer les saints,
Saint Merry, Jacques, Gervais et Martin,
Pas même Valérien qui se cache sur la
colline.

It's not worth praying to the saints -
Saint Merri or Saint Jacques, Saint Gervais or
Martin,
or even Valérien who hides up on the hill.

Le temps passe, on ne sait rien,
André Platard a quitté la rue Saint-Martin.

Time passes. We know nothing.
André Platard has left the Rue Saint-Martin.

Poem by Robert Desnos (1900 – 1945), translation by Peter Low, www.lieder.net

Silent love

*O sad are they who know not love. And far from passion's tears and smiles drift down a
moonless sea and past the silvery coasts of fairy isles.*

*But sadder they whose longing lips kiss empty air and never touch the dear warm mouth of
those they love. Waiting. Wasting. Suffering much.*

*But clear as amber, sweet as musk is life to those whose lives unite.
They walk in fortune's smile by day and nestle in her heart by night.*

Poem by anonymous.

Ariettes oubliées

C'est l'extase langoureuse

*C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.*

It is languorous rapture

*It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.*

*Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.*

*Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?*

Il pleure dans mon cœur

*Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?*

*Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.*

L'ombre des arbres

*L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.*

*Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes
feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!*

Chevaux de bois

*O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.*

*This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?*

Tears fall in my heart

*Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?*

*Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!*

*Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.*

*And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.*

The shadow of trees

*The shadow of trees in the misty stream
Dies like smoke,
While up above, in the real branches,
The turtle-doves lament.*

*How this faded landscape, O traveller,
Watched you yourself fade,
And how sadly in the lofty leaves
Your drowned hopes were weeping!*

Merry-go-round

*Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.*

*L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.*

*Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou surnois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!*

*C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.*

*Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.*

*Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.*

*Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!*

Green

*Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.*

*J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.*

*Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.*

*The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.*

*Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!*

*Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!*

*Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.*

*And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.*

*Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!*

Green

*Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.*

*I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,*

*Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.*

*Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.*

Spleen

*Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.*

*Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.*

*Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.*

*Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.*

*Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,*

*Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!*

*Poems by Paul Verlaine (1844 – 1896), translation by Richard Stokes,
www.oxfordsong.org*

La Biche

*Ô la biche : quel bel intérieur
d'anciennes forêts dans tes yeux abonde ;
combien de confiance ronde
mêlée à combien de peur.*

*Tout cela, porté par la vive
gracilité de tes bonds.
Mais jamais rien n'arrive
à cette impassive
ignorance de ton front.*

Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

*On your young breast let me cradle my
head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.*

Spleen

*All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.*

*Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.*

*The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.*

*I always fear—oh to wait and wonder!—
One of your agonizing departures.*

*I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,*

*And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!*

The Doe

*O doe, what lovely ancient forest
depths abound in your eyes;
how much open trust
mixed with how much fear.*

*All this, borne by the brisk
gracility of your bounds.
But nothing ever disturbs
that unpossessive
unawareness of your brow.*

Poem by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875 - 1926), translation by Grant Hicks, www.lieder.net

Ronsard à son âme

Amelette Ronsardelette

Dear little bit of Ronsard

*Amelette Ronsardelette,
Mignonnette doucelette,
Treschere hostesse de mon corps,
Tu descends là bas foiblelette,
Pasle, maigrelette, seulette,
Dans le froid Royaume des mors :
Toutesfois simple, sans remors
De meurtre, poison, [ou]1 rancune,
Mesprisant faveurs et tresors
Tant enviez par la commune.
Passant, j'ay dit, suy ta fortune
Ne trouble mon repos, je dors.*

*Dear little bit of Ronsard,
Little sweet one, little soft one,
Dearest hostess of my body,
You descend below, so weakly,
So pale, so meager, so lonely,
To the cold kingdom of the dead;
However simple, without remorse
For murder, poison, and bitterness,
Scorning favors and treasures,
So envied by the common man.
Passer-by, as I said: follow your fortune,
Don't disturb my rest, I'm sleeping.*

*Poem by Pierre de Ronsard (1524– 1585), translation by Laura Stanfield Prichard,
www.lieder.net.*

hyacinth: songs of the Minotaur

I.

*no voices now
against the night
the stars arrayed
as animals
as signs of life
the laurels breathe
their lullabies
this too shall pass
beyond, behind
I have always
always, mother
held you dear—
and always held
you in my thoughts
now you may sleep
but I must dance*

II.

*their stars, their stairs
remain the same
their torches rise
their voices join
the flowers dream
bright steel sings out
the rows of dancers
part and close
they scarcely know
the joy of flame
and one by one
they all descend
so little left
of what we were
the world glows
but you grow pale*

V.

*you brought me
some
some time ago
their stems cut short
your arms around
a bowl of clay
the water still
a prisoner
your hands were cold
I could not speak
the iron door
into the earth
the narrow sky
no more returns
but afterthought
for you to sleep
and I to dance*

Poems by Duncan McFarlane (b. 1970).

The Confession Stone

1.

*Oh my boy: Jesus,
my first and only son,
Rock on my breast, my first
and only one,
my first and only son.*

2.

*Don't pay attention to the
old men in the temple.
they have given up.
Tell them what you told me:*

3.

*Jesus, did you know that
Lazarus is back?
Jesus, are you listening?
Laz'rus has come back.
His grave is still open*

O my Jesus: my first and only
one.
Born of God and born near his
sun,
bright boy: my only one:
O my Jesus,
rest on my breast, my first and
only son:
Oh my boy Jesus
Rest, shhh
you need the rest

cast the sinners out, clean
the house of God,
load the rich with grief,
prepare the poor with hope
and, Jesus,
don't stop to play with
Judas and his friends along
the way.

and Martha tells she heard
three angels singing with
three birds:
their feathers brushed
together.
Jesus, are you hearing?
Laz-rus has returned to
Bethany.
Jesus , won't you answer?
Laz'rus has come back and
he's calling for you.
He says that death was
gentle and woke him up early.
Jesus, are you praying?
Laz'rus has returned.

4.

There's a supper in Jerusalem
tonight
and I wish that I was there,
I'd journey anywhere to be with
Jesus:
to stroke his hair,
Remind Him, O my baby dear,
I'd journey anywhere to be with
Jesus tonight.
There's that supper in
Jerusalem tonight
and I could be right there.
But I don't dare to journey to
Jerusalem tonight.
O my Jesus, you're eating in
Jerusalem tonight.
and I wish that I was there.
O my boy, take care
at that supper in Jerusalem
tonight.

5.

Cold and icy in my bed:
laid on the ground of
Jerusalem:
eve'ry flow'r is withered,
the birds have left their
song,
the sun wears a twisted
eye.
I'm alone with your dream
of redemption, my Lord.
Save Him, save our son.
I'm his mother: save Him:
Let me rock him again in
my trembling arms.
Save Him
I'll receive the silver from
Judas,
Help him.
Your word is all my world.
I'll receive the silver from
Judas' hand
and spend it on nothing.
Save Him, Jehovah, help
Him, my God,
Bless him, My Lord, redeem
Him, my husband.
Oh save Him, save Him,
save our boy.

6.

Bring me those needles,
Martha
I believe I'll knit Jesus a scarf.
Go on snapping those
butterbeans.
What time is it? Let me see
now:
Knit one.
You say it's twelve o'clock?
Snap enough for Joseph and
Lazarus:
They'll be home before you're
through.
Martha, what time is it?
Purl two, purl one,
knit one, purl two.
If I had the star of Bethlehem,
I'd
Knit three
and light His sky.
Where was I Martha?
Oh yes, knit one, purl seven.
What time is it Martha?
Knit three, purl ten.
It can't be near three o'clock.
Where was I? Knit, purl
twelve, purl, nothing.
Martha, don't leave me alone.
Where are you Martha,
Martha,
Where are you Martha?

Martha!

7.

Everything is black,
Air, water, sun, moon,
all light, dirt is black.
Heav'n is in mourning for our
Son.
The earth is dead, it will rise
again, Almighty God.
Now I understand what light is:
it is our Son.
It is Jesus, no longer trembling
in my arms.
it is the Christ.
O my boy, Jesus,
My first and only son,
My first and only one.
Now on my knees, with Joseph
at my side,
I ask thee:
Send the resurrection now.
Give the air and water and sun
and the moon and the dirt:
thy light again.
Send the presence almighty
God,
send it even to evil ones.
I see Jesus, in the clouds
Oh, Free him from death for
life:
We must be free to sing:
Loose the birds for their songs,
Bloom the flowers for their
songs,
Light Martha, whose brother
came back from death.
light Mary Magdalene,
light Gethsemane's gardens:
Light those walkways with
lilies,
and heal the wounds of Christ.
Let me rise up into your starry
sky and love our Son,
and praise thee,
and praise thee,
Ah, comfort me in paradise.

8.

Oh my boy: Jesus,
my first and only son,
Rock on my breast, my first
and only one,
my first and only son.
O my Jesus: my first and
only one.
Born of God and born near
his sun,
bright boy: my only one:
O my Jesus,
rest on my breast, my first
and only son:
Oh my boy Jesus:
Rest, shhh,
you need the rest.

Poems by Owen Dodson (1914 – 1983)